

# THE SCOPE

*Discontentment is a desirable property. It stimulates progress.*

— Editor

## *Articles by*

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# THE SCOPE



*Published by the students of the Massachusetts School of Optometry  
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# THE SCOPE

*Presents*

## According to the Papers

*by H. E. Pine, Chicago, Ill.*

(Reprinted from "The 1941 Year Book of Optometry")

Recently, the reading public was told in an article entitled "What Do You Pay for Eyeglasses?", which appeared in Fortune magazine, that the eyeglasses for which the public pays up to twenty-eight dollars may cost only four or five dollars. Only a short time ago, I heard some radio news commentator say that Assistant Attorney-General Arnold claimed that the best lenses in a good frame should not cost the wearer more than seven dollars and fifty cents! Secretary of Labor Perkins recently is alleged to have said over a national radio hook-up that she got her "spex" from the five and ten cent store!

AND THERE ARE SOME OPTOMETRISTS WHO SAY THAT OPTOMETRY DOESN'T NEED TO TAKE ITS STORY TO THE PUBLIC!

It would seem that the legitimate optometrist has enough to contend with in his battle against the bait advertiser and phony retailing-wholesalers and the optical junk dealers, without also having to defend himself against attacks made by those in high government positions who should be his *defenders*, not his *defamers*.

It seems to me that we need less politics in business and more business in politics.

Honest, capable men, who have spent years in the optical industry *should* know what can be done and what it is necessary to charge in order to be able to deliver first class optical material and services. It would seem, however, that some politicians know much more about these things than those who have spent a lifetime in some branch of the optical industry. If the price the public pays is to be reduced then most assuredly the quality of the

materials and of the service the public gets will have to be reduced accordingly.

Some misguided members of our governmental official family are insisting that wages paid must be *increased*, but at the same time insisting that prices charged the public must *decrease*. Just how they think this can be done is a mystery to me. *If the floor is raised and the ceiling is lowered, certainly those in between are bound sooner or later to be crowded out of existence.*

This brings to mind a conversation of a few days ago. A woman acquaintance said that she would like to build a small house and her husband remarked, "The trouble is she wants a small house with large rooms and lots of 'em."

*According to the papers*, practically everything the optometrist must buy in order to live has advanced in price. Only today, I see the cost of round steak has advanced 13 per cent in a year; roasting chickens 13 per cent; rib roast 11 per cent; apples 15 per cent; oranges 10 per cent; the price of clothing has advanced 11 per cent; house-furnishings 17 per cent, and, *according to the papers*, since 1914, the average cost of living has advanced 40 per cent. Why, in the name of common sense, should the cost of optical materials and services, in the face of this, decrease? If the average cost of living has advanced 40 per cent, why should not the optometrist's income increase accordingly? Where is this increased cost of the optometrist's living to come from?

The quality of optical materials and optometric services has certainly increased terrifically since 1914, for instance. The material

and services are *worth* much more now than they were then and certainly the investment of the optometrist in education and in office equipment has increased not only 40 per cent, but more than 400 per cent.

*According to the papers*, armies have been mechanized since 1914; so has the optometrist's office. Twenty-five years ago, it was necessary to have very little in the way of expensive optical equipment. A trial case, a trial frame, a Snellen Card, a non-illuminous ophthalmoscope-retinoscope just about comprised the optical equipment available at that time and the investment was correspondingly small. Twenty-five years ago, the average optometrist's investment in schooling was small. Those who had graduated from an optometric college giving even a 400 hour course, were in the educational vanguard of their profession. Today, nothing less than ten times this investment of time and money is legal.

*According to the papers*, an army in Julius Caesar's time was practically self-sustaining in the field, it required less than the services of a half a man behind the line per soldier in the field. By Napoleon's time, two men were required behind the lines to maintain a soldier in the field. In the World War, five men were required behind the lines per soldier in the field and, according to the papers, it now requires twenty-five men behind the lines to maintain each soldier in the field.

Has not much the same thing happened in optometry? Our early optometrists, many of them, were optical shopmen, working for a salary in the daytime and obtaining their optometric education either by correspondence courses or by attending night school. In other words, optometric students were self-sustaining. Today, that is no longer possible. Now, it is necessary to have, figuratively speaking, twenty-five men behind the lines for every optometric soldier in the field. Who is to pay this increased cost if not the glass-wearing public.

*I do not pose as an economist but I do know enough about economy to know that quality and cost of education and services cannot advance while reward decreases.*

*According to the papers*, the cost of building military camps has exceeded the government's estimates by fully 50 per cent. Wages of skilled workers are advancing daily. If the carpenter who twenty-five years ago considered himself fortunate to get \$2.50 a day for his efforts, now gets \$1.25 an hour, why should he or the government object if the cost of optometric care advances? Is everyone in the country to be allowed to enjoy an economic improvement except the optometrist? Certainly it cannot be said that optical services are non-essential. Tens of thousands of tool and die makers and expert machinists could not see to do their work, if it were not for the indispensable aid of the optical industry. Lenses are as necessary to our modern civilization as food itself.

*According to the papers*, the draft boards throughout the country have to reject, for physical reasons, 43 per cent of the draftees called before them for examination. The largest single cause of rejection is for bad teeth which accounts for 10 per cent of the total. The second greatest number of rejections were caused by poor vision, which accounted for 5½ per cent of the total. The draftees, because of their ages, 21 to 36, must be considered to be "the cream of the crop" physically. If it is necessary to reject 5½ per cent of *these* because of vision so poor as to make them unusable in the Army, then certainly there should be no dearth of material for the optometrist to work on.

*According to the papers*, our population is getting steadily older. In 1930, the medium age of all persons was 26.4 years; in 1940 it was 28.9 years; IN ONE DECADE, THE NUMBER OF PERSONS OVER 65 HAD INCREASED BY 2,322,401. All of these persons, almost without exception, need optometric care. Who is to give this care? There are fewer optometrists registered now than in 1930 and the coming decade will, in all probability, see a much larger drop in those holding optometric licenses than during the last decade, for our old-timers in optometry are being eliminated by death or retirement much faster than they  
(please turn to page fourteen)

# Motoring and Vision

by Dr. Ralph H. Green, O. D., D. O. S.

(Radio talk sponsored by The Massachusetts Optometric Clinic and delivered in the interests of public eye health over Station WHDH, September 11, 1941.)

Every day the radio and newspapers are bringing to us accounts of the killed and wounded in this second World War. All of us feel a *very proper* sense of horror at the news. But each day we have a death and accident toll of our very own, which is just as unnecessary—and we are *not* engaged in a war. Unfortunately for us there is no wide spread feeling of horror and sadness at our loss of life. In fact, the published figures rarely raise a ripple in our national calm. Aside from a few editorial comments and news stories in the papers, our own killings pass practically unnoticed.

I am referring to the 32,400 deaths caused by automobile accidents last year. Ever since 1933 we have been needlessly killing more than 30,000 persons a year. In 1937 it was just a few hundred short of 40,000, and in 1936 the number was almost as great. In addition to those killed outright last year, 1,150,000 were injured. A great many of these, more than 1,000,000 persons, will never walk again—and others were just as horribly mutilated as any war victim.

I said that these deaths were needless, and I mean just that. With the proper care and supervision of automobile drivers, pedestrians, automobiles and highways, the motor-vehicle-death and accident rate could be reduced to a minimum. There is no one cause for automobile accidents, the causes are many. There is no one cause for automobile accidents. The causes are many. However one of the *avoidable* causes of automobile accidents is *defective vision*. Man is a strange creature. He demands an automobile that is a symbol of perfection and yet he guides this perfection of mechanical engineering with faulty eyesight. He drives it hour after hour until exhaustion

puts him to sleep at the wheel. He drives it past other cars at the top of the hill. He drives it across intersections without slackening his speed. He drives it so fast, on an unfamiliar road, that he cannot stop in time to avoid an accident. Of course some accidents are due to poor weather, but 85% happen in clear weather. Sometimes they are due to wet or icy roads, but 76% occur on dry roads. Sometimes they happen when turning right or left or backing up, but 79% occur when the car is going straight ahead.

Fourteen years ago the American Optometric Association began a research project to determine the amount and quality of vision needed to be a safe automobile driver. I take pride in telling you that the American Optometric Association was one of the first groups to consider the importance of vision in relation to automobile driving. After examining thousands of drivers we have discovered that those with less than 50% or one-half the normal vision, have many more accidents than do those with better vision. If vision in one eye is very bad then the other one should have at least 60% vision. You should bear in mind that 100% vision represents the average normal. Chauffeurs should be required to have at least 80% of normal vision because they drive under all conditions and are responsible for the lives of their passengers.

The accident rate of drivers increases rather rapidly between those with 60% to those with 40% normal vision. In view of this we recommend that not less than 50% vision be acceptable to traffic authorities before granting a license to the driver of a private car. You will understand why we recommend not less than 50% vision, if you consider how long it takes a car to stop after its driver has seen a warning signal or sign. At sixty miles an hour a car moves forward 88 feet per second. The average stopping distance on dry pavement for a car with four wheel brakes is  
(please turn to page twelve)

# Welcome, Freshmen

by R. W. Barnard Jr.

Greetings to our new Freshmen, and welcome back all other members of the Student Body — "Student Body" always sounds so impressive to me; I picture vast crowds seething restlessly about in a building similar to Rockefeller Center.

We are back to start once more our somewhat frenzied quest for knowledge — at least that is supposedly our goal. Sometimes it seems a few of us aren't quite sure what we are looking for and wind up below decks inquiring dazedly for information regarding the class we are in, who teaches what subject, and, not infrequently, why?

Perhaps it isn't that bad; I just wanted you to realize that at times things seem rather insurmountable. They aren't at all. The weeks slide past like quicksilver — or a wet lens from the fingers — and things which seemed tremendous are past and gone. I may sound like a philosopher (I hope) but the truth is I am trying to bolster up my own courage for this year.

I realize that as a Senior I should, perhaps, confine myself to learned discussions of various phases of Optometry. However, this being the first issue of the *Scope* for the year, and my alleged brain being a trifle (master understatement) cobwebby, please permit me to ramble on unrestrained.

Each and every one of us has chosen Optometry for his goal — for his lifework. Is it too much to ask each individual if he realizes the magnitude of his choice? Optometry is a great profession, great in all senses of the word. Such a profession needs great men to carry it along — not small individuals who allow themselves to be carried. Although it is no new thing to be told to "start work now", it is often the case that one permits himself to backslide — to procrastinate. If this is so in studying for a profession the matter will not be remedied nor improved once one is "in" that work — if he *does* get in.

It is said that a leopard cannot change his

spots; we in turn cannot easily change our habits once they become formed. As a prevailing rule it is impossible for one who continually "puts off" doing the things he should until the 11th hour to bring his work up to the required level — and such a manner of doing things may vulgarly, but effectively, be termed "sloppy".

Such habits of studying lead to resulting work of equal nature, which in turn surely does not bring to one the fulfillment of the hopes he may have had regarding that work.

There is no such thing as "doing that tomorrow" for tomorrows have a most unfortunate way of bringing their own problems to be surmounted, but if one persists in believing he *can* neglect today's duties, and sees no immediate unhappy results by so doing, he is the more unfortunate because his woes will burst in upon him all at once — either before an exam; during an unexpected quiz; or upon entering a new semester.

It is really most difficult to attempt to write such an article; it gives the impression that the writer is a self-styled genius, or a grind, or just too, too pure to be abided. Don't misunderstand me; I am none of these. However, since suggestions are not much good if kept in mothballs, and similarly of no value if not followed by the instigator of such suggestions, you may be sure the writer fully believes what he writes and is not merely trying to fill in space.

You will have a good year; it is not all studying although at first blush it may look so. Friends will be made, some permanent, and a wider viewpoint on many aspects of both Optometry and life outside the home surroundings will be developed. Incidentally, members of a class higher than your own are not to be feared. They were in your position a short time ago.

Seniors do not bite but are really human, although I will confess my own fondest wish  
(*please turn to page twelve*)



# Omega Epsilon Phi

by Herbert Juentash

Borrowing our greetings from Senior Segments, we say, "Hello, Freshman Class" and address this article to them.

Our fraternity was installed last year as a chapter of a national organization at an impressive ceremony conducted by officers of the national group.

We number among our brethren such prominent men as Drs. Feinbloom, Hoff, and Sheard.

The officers of our local chapter are:

Henry Fine, *President*

Robert Rodman, *Vice President*

David Essex, *Corresponding Secretary*

Stanley MacGaregill, Jr., *Recording Sec'y*

Clinton Wilson, *Treasurer*

Our members serve the school and its organizations in many capacities. Joseph Aleo is editor of the *Scope* and his assistant, David Essex, is president of The Optometry Club. Our president, Henry Fine, is secretary of The Optometry Club and Robert Rodman and Sam Wasserman are laboratory assistants.

Chapters of our organization are located in most of the major Optometry schools. Each chapter draws up its own charter which conforms with the national. Freshmen are not eligible for membership but they may look forward to taking active part during their sophomore, junior and senior years.

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# Pi Omicron Sigma

by Sid Newman



Π Ο Σ

DR. R. H. GREEN, *Grand Chancellor*

SIDNEY NEWMAN, *Chancellor*

STEWART MCKENZIE, *Vice Chancellor*

GEORGE M. COHEN, *Scribe*

PERRY SAVOY, *Treasurer*

ARTHUR WEISMAN, *Sergeant-at Arms*

The scholastic year of 1941 - 42 commences the 29th year of activity of the brotherhood of Pi Omicron Sigma.

Primarily, the fraternity wishes to welcome the freshman class and hopes, in all sincerity, that their school years at M. S. O. will be as pleasant and successful as ours have been.

Briefly reviewing the fraternal activities of the past year, we find a year of social and

academic successes only to be concluded by our 28th Annual Banquet, which made the year a huge success for P. O. S.

This year our calendar calls for more and even greater functions than have taken place in former years. Among these, naturally, are the annual Hallowe'en dance, Valentine party, and many other social and educational affairs. In the summer months that have just passed, the brothers have already made plans and are looking forward to each and every event.

I might say that we expect, but instead I will say that the year 1941 - 42 will be the biggest and most successful year for Pi Omicron Sigma.

The meeting has come to order for the school year of 1941-42.

# A Trip to Puerto Rico

by Maria Arminda Font

Let me take all of you on a imaginary trip to Borinquen, an island in the Great Antilles, one thousand, four hundred square miles in area and only one thousand, four hundred miles south and east of New York.

A very nice boat on which we will spend four complete days will take us there and soon you will learn that the story of Puerto Rico is a story of civilization filled with chapters of romance, adventure, martyrdom, bravery and heroism.

We will arrive at the capital, San Juan, early in the morning. As the ship approaches the harbor you will be able to get a good view of the Morro and San Cristobal fortifications as well as the Capitol and the Governor's Palace. You will also admire the natural scenery and realize why it is called, "The Island of Enchantment".

There are one million, five hundred inhabitants. The people are very nice, educated and charitable towards visitors, thereby making you really feel at home.

Sun-baked beaches, cloud-tipped peaks, waving green palm trees, rivers and streams, valleys and marshlands and majestic mountains are the natural glories of Puerto Rico. For entertainment you can go fishing, play golf or tennis, visit the historic shrines and monuments or go swimming either in fresh or salt-water pools. But, no matter what you do, don't forget your "siesta" (one or two hours of sleep after lunch). You'll really like it. In the evening you may dance at the beach clubs or hotels. Perhaps, if you are a perfect gentleman, you may be allowed to take a Spanish senorita out. Of course, her mother or some other relative will accompany you. Maybe, instead of dancing, you'll serenade your lady while she looks down at you from her balcony.

There is no seasonal change. The temperature always ranges between 73 and 78 degrees Fahrenheit and may drop to 60 degrees on the higher mountains. You'll enjoy the tropical

breeze which makes Puerto Rico pleasant during the summer and charming during the winter.

Puerto Rico welcomes you to its romantic shores and I sincerely hope that someday you may realize this trip.

*Webster's Definition of the —*

EYE, I, n. (O. E. *ye*, *eighe*, A. Sax. *eage*, Dan. *oie*, D. *oog*, Icel. *auga*, G. *auge*, Goth. *augo*, cog L. *oculus*, Skr. *akshi* — eye; from a root meaning sharp. Acid.) The organ of vision, which in man and the higher animals consists of a ball or globular body set in an orbit or socket and forming an optical apparatus by means of which the figures of external objects form sensible impressions.

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# Thru the Editor's Eyes

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## The Dead-line

News items intended for publication in the *Scope* must reach this office not later than the first of the month, if intended for the following month's issue. Those arriving after the first may be held over by us until the following month.

## The Editor Says:

The entire staff is most happy to welcome Dr. Svendson back to active duty.

We also welcome the new group of young men who have chosen for their life's work Optometry, a profession which offers unlimited opportunities. However, these opportunities will not present themselves to you without ceaseless effort on your part.

One great problem a new student has, is that of adapting himself to the surroundings so new to him. Get acquainted! Do not sit in a dark corner waiting for some one to greet you. The acquaintances formed in the next four years will ripen into professional friendships later in life.

The first issue of the "Scope" is always dedicated to the entering class and so a slight history of the school publication will not be out of order. The *Scope* was founded by the students in 1928 under the direction of Drs. Ralph H. Green and Bernard Fritz. It is distributed monthly and is one of the few Optometric publications issued by an Optometric School.

The publication is edited and written chiefly by the members of the student body of the school although each month we try to have at least one contribution from some outside source which is greatly appreciated. The magazine constitutes the literary efforts of the undergraduates of this school and its success is mainly dependent upon the initiative of the student body in contributing interesting articles. Freshmen, here is one way in which to become acquainted with your fellow students. Offer articles for publication that you think will please your fellow students. Each article submitted will receive the due consideration of the editorial staff.

Remember this is your publication.

The *Scope* also extends to all students its welcome and sincere wishes for a successful term.

# Senior Segments

by Henry Fine

Despite all intentions to the contrary, we return from a glorious and prolonged weekend in Gloucester without a single word on paper or in mind. Nevertheless, we'll attempt to carry on.

Our first welcome is extended to the new editor of the *Scope*. Joseph Aleo is at the helm. May he carry on in the brave tradition of the dauntless Corrente!

Our second is to the freshmen whose sweet innocence is most inspiring to the senior class which spends the greater part of its time in nullifications of one kind or another. Brushing to one side the banalities which greet freshmen, we offer merely a sincere "hello". We know they'll get along.

The seniors have become a clammy crest; no longer do they pour their woes, their loves, their hates and their favorite recipes into our ever-attentive ear. This occasions unusually difficult research on the part of your reporter. However, we know that —

Harold Cline continued on as school custodian during the pleasant summer months. His evenings were profitably spent as counterman at a well-known Mattapan ice-cream eatery. During his spare time he studied, all to the despair of several admiring females.

McVay made use of his pilot's papers on an excursion boat out of Providence. Pretty good use, too, we say; about \$225 per month. It must be good to be independently wealthy and look upon Optometry as an interesting hobby.

Sid Newman missed the highways between Trenton and Boston. Most unexpectedly we bumped (and we mean bumped — as Sid was doing an intensive Boops-a-Daisy at the time) into the Jersey Lochinvar and the object of his passion, La Belle Wolf, at a Roxbury wedding. We hadn't seen, so sweetly wound, a sash around a stalwart male waist since the seven times we went to see Rudolph Valentino in the first version of "Blood and Sand".

Upham spent his summer in Maine, absorb-

ing the glorious sun and the even more glorious lobsters of his native state. Both, the children and the better half are very well.

Otis spent his summer behind the wrong end of the Tremont St. Hoffbrau. This will explain any Bavarian mountain calls heard in these sacred halls.

The inivatable Iventash ran a co-operative bar in a Rhode Island Howard-Johnson's. One ice-cream for the customer; one for Ivy. One clam for the customer; one for Ivy. One check for the customer, and here the co-operation ended.

Jacobs sold gas . . . Wasserman studied radio at Tufts . . . Garfi worked in a textile mill . . . Rosemark took upon himself a charming wife . . . Maria Font safely transported a bottle of Puerto Rico's finest. . . . Janet alternated between sickness and sun tanning . . . Savoy did the indefinable things that a Savoy does during a summer. . . . Cohen parked cars professionally . . . Falino fixed his ark . . . Rodman visited Springfield.

*Play to be avoided:* "Mr. Big". Putrid and corny.

*Play to be seen:* "Native Son". As good as the book.

*Movie to be seen:* "Citizen Kane". Good except that no actual attack on Hearst.

*Advice to the lovelorn:* Dresses should be worn, not torn.

*Acme of asininity:* The pretence on the part of the national government that the U. S. A. is still playing a note of strict neutrality.

More later: some funny, some sad.

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Lady Patient: "Doctor, my glasses don't seem to help any more."

Optometrist: "My records show that you were examined last. two years ago. Possibly you need new glasses."

Lady Patient: "But, Doctor, I've only worn them a few times."

# Junior Jests

*by Quinn and Gates*

Welcome, campus kids!

Somehow we've got a guilty feeling that perhaps that wasn't quite the way to start the first column of our Junior year, especially after having the riot act read off to us in regard to the Do's and Don'ts of professionalism on the very first day of school. Oh well, let's chalk that up as our last professional boner and see what's new.

First, we've got a new class room, and that's going to mean a lot to some of us. Just think, all those that were late last year, just because the bell rang when we were half way up the second flight of stairs, will be right on time this year. We wonder if Kit Katz is taking advantage of our new room and is sleeping thirty seconds longer than usual.

And then we have a few new subjects, all interesting too, but we took a little vote to see which one was the most popular, and it was almost unanimously in favor of our little course in Greek. Right now it seems to be pretty deep stuff, but we feel confident that with Lou Vaniotis and Charlie Poulas backing us up, we should wade through with flying colors. Incidentally, ask Lou if you can see his most recent photograph of his harem. He did all right this summer.

And take it from us, our first few days were full of excitement. For those who get a thrill out of looking forward to a new schedule, M. S. O. supplied a new one daily. Always willing to oblige is Mass Optometry.

It sure is marvelous what a little summer air can do for a man these days. Take Joe McDermott for instance, after whiffing Wollaston air all summer he is all set to break the Massachusetts State record for bowling — and we think he is just the man to do it, too. He will take on all challengers on any day except Tuesday. That's Joe's off day.

It was funny the way all heads seemed to be moving in different directions at the start of our first class this year — but we know

why. Everyone was looking for something new and do you know what we found? We found a pair of tinted eyeglasses on Chet Turner. Can you imagine that? Chet Turner is emmetropia's gift to M. S. O.! We can't figure out whether the Rx is 0.00 combined with 0.00 x 90 or whether it is a plain 0.00 sphere but the P. D. is excellent.

Another event that took place on the first day, was a good deal of handshaking, but if a prize were to be pinned on the champion, we think Irv Fradkin would get it. Yes sir. If you haven't shaken hands with him, hop to it before the next class and see how easy it is to stay awake (and write left-handed).

It was surprising, the number that were asking, "Whatever happened to Rollie Carrier?," the first four days of school. Just ask Rollie how to sail a boat. He'll tell you. Speaking of sailing reminds these two of the personal appearance tour that Ensign Eddie Davis made on our first Wednesday — and didn't he look slick? Here's wishing Eddie the best of luck and hoping some day he will be back with us. And while we are doing our well-wishing, we would like to send along our best to the five other members of the class of '43 who aren't with us this year. Wherever they may be or whatever they may be doing, the best of luck to them.

Poor Clint Wilson has been having his troubles. He got a lens clock at a bargain but it was just a little off. An instructor offered to fix it for him and he did, BUT he didn't tell Clint how he fixed it and ever since, Wilson's had the willies (Willie tell me).

There is nothing we like to see more than progress around the school and you should see the progress Moe Morrin made this summer. Just take a look at him pulling up in front of the school some day in a convertible — no less. It's a beauty.

For a while last week we thought that we were still in Dr. Carvin's freshman anatomy  
(please turn to page fifteen)

# Soph Soap

by Arthur Veaner and Robert Lippin

Well, you lucky sophs, here we are again to bring you the latest news a month old. When we appeared on the familiar corner of Boylston St. and Mass. Ave., it was difficult to realize that this masterpiece of art, shining green on the retina of the sophomore eye was our dear old M. S. O. Indeed the school looked like an old and tired chorus girl putting on one more paint job. Anyway the new and shiny atmosphere of the old place does much to remove those ever present rumors that ran through the Frosh class last year. Remember the whisper that ran rampant through the Frosh class that we at last would forsake the academic environment of Boylston Street for the peace and quiet of the Boston School of Pharmacy (Raymor - Playmor and 72 Bowling Alleys).

Along with actual surface changes at M. S. O. we notice, quote: "Something New Has Been Added". Namely a new laboratory where probably other unfortunate Schlossberg's will have to wrestle with the entrails of the pig or a pickled frog.

Monte Kofos will offer his services as translator for the Greek letters in Geometric Optics. And take it from us, its all Greek . . .

As soon as school commenced Normie Kah-anofsky (hope the spelling is right) ran over six freshmen in order to see Amy. Was it to resume his game of hearts or was it something that runs deeper than cards?

It has been stated that "Wolf" Kates is quite a lover. Ask him what happened on the bus from Ohio to New York. Perhaps he will transfer to Ohio State just to be with his little love bird. "Go west young man". I knew all about him by the way he acted in the Fenway.

We have a new chemistry teacher, Mr. Victor, and we wish to extend our welcome to him. He promised us a very interesting course in Organic Chemistry, and it shall be, if the author of the book has anything to do with it. The President of Harvard wrote the text.

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Dave Yorra has started his taxi service and is competing with the Boston Elevated. If you contact him and arrange for transportation, he will pick you up and take you home, will supply entertainment, and the scenery on the way is breath-taking—there are blondes, women, and blonded. This ad is not solicited but it might get us a few free rides home.

Larry Young and John Reardon are rooming together. From the sublime to the ridiculous, their landlord was drafted and now John and Larry have the run of the house. The floor show starts at 9:30 p. m. every evening and the new drink is a nitro-zombie. One drink and if you start jumping its too bad.

Eddie Whelan returned with a whiffle. That's a haircut in which a barber throws a meat cleaver at you. He has been early to every class so far. Keep it up or else . . . !

*Interesting facts about uninteresting people:* Dick Urdang is seven minutes younger than his twin. That should make him hardboiled! . . . We have a new student from McGill. His name is A. Roger Jardine . . . Lippin is now a millionaire with everyone paying off their bets. Lippin says, "You can't keep a Dodger down!" All those who owe him money say he's right. II now.

## --Welcome Freshmen

*(continued from page six)*

is to inspire awe in some Freshman; as such myself I made wide detours around Seniors, and, from a distance, hung on to every word they uttered with avidity. Now, as a fourth-year student and knowing my limitation—well, perhaps we'd better not go into that, but I fear I shall never succeed in creating awe in anyone!

At any rate, if Seniors do (and let us hope they do) have a, shall we say, "more professional" manner, it is something acquired quite unwittingly and shows the effect of advanced study among men who are certainly fine examples for us to follow.

# Sport Eye-Tems

*by Marshall V. Margolskee*

"Have you heard!"

That yours truly has been invited to attempt to edit this column in a fashion parallel to that so ably produced by Dr. William W. Wolfson, '41 for the past two years. Well, this is merely an attempt — so here goes!

That a new freshman class has entered M. S. O. and we want to take this opportunity to bid them welcome and to wish them every success in their endeavors. For the benefit of our new members let us say something about athletics at M. S. O. The work and the long hours associated with a professional school make it difficult for the student to participate in many extra-curricula activities. However, we do find time for basketball, bowling, and billiards — which have been well supported by our students. To help these sports, each

of you should find time for at least one of them.

The basketball team has lost Captain "Billy" Wolfson by graduation and "Swede" Swanson via the selective army service route. There still remains, however, the nucleus of a fine outfit for the coming season, with such men as Rice, Whelan, Regan, Rubin and Margolskee available. Of course we're anticipating plenty of assistance from the freshmen — how about it frosh?

An interesting schedule is being compiled for the basketball team with the annual contest between the faculty and alumni and the members of the school team due to inaugurate the new season.

That's all for now.

*M. "Vic" M.*

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# Among the Girls

*by Janet Mechanic*

And so it came to pass that on the seventeenth of September, 1941, five young maidens embarked on the ship of knowledge, which is bringing them closer and closer to the time when their aims will be realized.

Their summer was spent in various ways, as is usually the case among the girls. Maria Armanda joyfully returned from Puerto Rico, where she spent the summer renewing old acquaintances and making new ones. Our own Amelia found herself busily engaged behind the counter of a department store — when she wasn't occupied at the New Bedford shores. Rushing here, there and everywhere, from New York to Boston and then back to Fall River,

was Miss Adler. She even managed to do some knitting for Britain and in her "spare" time she made herself a sweater, which incidentally, you'll probably see her modelling. The Misses Levine and Mechanic could probably have been found basking in the sun at various beaches trying to get themselves better equipped for the winter months.

We, the girls, want to welcome back our true friend and adviser, Dr. Svendsen, whose absence these past two years has certainly been felt by us all and whose return to our midst has endowed us with new spirits.

*B'eye now.*

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## --According to the Papers

*(continued from page four)*

are being replaced by new licensees. This, on the face of it, looks as though it would be a golden opportunity for service for the optometrist — a greater number to be served and a smaller number to do the work, but this does not take into account the fact that each year sees more and more medical doctors entering optometry by the back door. There is no justification for exempting the medical practitioner from the operation of the optometry laws.

*According to the papers*, many state and county medical societies are now starting to advertise by display ads in the newspapers. We know of the insidious day by day pounding which is being done by the dispensers. We know the various subtle attacks on optometry which appear most "mysteriously" in various publications intended for lay consumption. *What is optometry doing to protect its future?* Are we to benefit by being able to deliver an improved service to this ever increasing number of aging people or are we to be slowly but surely starved out of our chosen work, ground between the millstone of medical opposition and abuse by some government officials? Why do they insist that our rewards for necessary services, well performed, be reduced while our cost of living and our taxes increase? Optometrists are citizens, even though often we are not treated as though we were, and we are taxpayers. If you have any reason to doubt this last statement, look at your income tax bill, and *according to the papers*, this isn't even a good start toward what your taxes will be in the next few years. With what is the optometrist expected to meet the increased bills?

This is certainly not intended as a gripe against our form of government. I would, of course, rather be a citizen of the United States than of any other country in the world. I would like, however, to see the optometrist treated as though he were a citizen and not an "untouchable", discriminated against and maligned and abused even by those who live on the taxes we pay.

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## --Motoring and Vision

*(continued from page five)*

about 200 feet. The difference in time it takes between the slow and fast person to react to a signal is  $\frac{2}{5}$  of a second. This amounts to another 35 feet. And when you add 50 feet for a margin of safety you discover that the car has covered 285 feet from the time the driver first saw the warning sign before he could bring the car to a full stop. Research forces us to the conclusion that the only person who can drive safely at sixty miles an hour is one who has 100% vision or better, and I might add that where this can be obtained with eyeglasses it is just as acceptable as normal vision without eyeglasses. The driver with 50% vision should not exceed 50 miles an hour and the one with 35% vision ought not to travel more than 40 miles an hour under the most favorable circumstances, if he wishes to stop in time to avoid a collision.

Simply measuring the vision under good lighting conditions is not sufficient to determine the fitness of an individual to operate an automobile. We must also consider the fitness of this driver to operate an automobile when the lighting is poor. I have reference to driving at night. Many people operating motor vehicles on our highways have defective night vision, more technically known as "night blindness". In a recent study of the causes of automobile accidents carried out by Drs. J. B. Feldman and William Ezickson in cooperation with the Pennsylvania State Police, each of 75 drivers involved in 142 accidents were tested for night blindness, these results were found:

1st Of the seventy-five drivers tested, thirty-six or just less than half were found to suffer from night blindness. The other thirty-nine were found to have normal night vision.

2nd Seventy-seven of the accidents or 54% — more than one half, occurred at night, while sixty-five of the accidents or 46% occurred during the day.

3rd Of the seventy-seven accidents occurring at night, forty-eight resulted in the



night-blind group and twenty-nine resulted from the group having normal night vision. Less than one half of the drivers — those suffering from night-blindness — were responsible for almost two thirds the total accidents that occurred at night.

These conclusions more or less definitely point out the hazard of allowing drivers, suffering from night-blindness, to operate motor vehicles on our highways. To prevent this a test for night-blindness should be a part of every specially arranged eye-examination for automobile drivers.

From what I have just explained to you, you must realize that our recommendation of 50% vision is a very reasonable one. Even so, there are some States where no consideration whatsoever is given the eyes of the prospective motorist. Eighteen States in the Union make no test of the driver's eyes — in fact four of these States do not even require a license to drive a car. That seems a far cry from our much boasted civilization when we can ignore the importance of the visual fitness of a person who will guide the modern automobile, which is capable of speeds undreamed of by its inventors.

The greatest percentage of accidents happen between 5 and 8 P. M., when traffic is heaviest, when drivers are most tired from their day's work and when daylight has begun to wane or is completely gone. One or two States have *greatly increased safety* by good artificial illumination along their most heavily travelled highways and the matter of improved highway lighting is a subject of experimentation and consideration by many States and municipalities.

Poor eyesight has been proven to be the greatest single factor in automobile accidents. When you couple this with the fact that over 50% of the adults in the country are handicapped by some form of eye defect, it is easy to understand why the accident rate has been built up to the terrific proportions that it has today.

In motoring, as in all other occupations of life — sports, business, study, reading — good vision is your basic asset. Guard it carefully.

## --Junior Jests

*(continued from page eleven)*

class. All we had to do was turn around and there were the two happiest faces in the class, a great big smile on Rosenthal, and a bigger one on Calmus. Still no difference, same faces, same smiles.

Well, by now you should find it pretty tough trying to get your classmates to sit and have their eyes looked into with your new scope; but if you are having trouble like that, ask Joe Craven if you can practice for a few minutes on his dog. He's the most patient patient that ever was a patient.

Now it's beginning to look as though our jig is up for September, but remember, we've got lots to look forward to. Smokers always help to defer homework assignments and then there's frat initiation. They help to keep things bottoms up. And now is a good time to start that search for a sixty pound chorus girl for that penny-a-pound rag dance. Keep your chin up, and be careful. There are two of us on your tail now.

*Green eyes.*

They believe that the poet Milton's blindness was due to retinal detachment. Today, skillful treatment might have preserved the priceless vision of one of the world's greatest poets.

There is a rule, "There is an exception to every rule". The following is by no means a solution to the rule but it is the best I can do. See what you can do with it.

There is an exception to every rule. If there is an exception to every rule, there must be an exception to the rule, "There is an exception to every rule". Therefore there must be a rule without exception. If there is a rule without exception, then the rule stating that there is an exception to every rule must be untrue. But I proved that the rule was untrue by assuming that it was true in the first place. So where are we?

## Fit for Beauty

"THE most important development in rimless eyewear since Loxit.★" Thus practitioners across the country hailed Numont Ful-Vue in Loxit.★ Today, after three years, it still leads the style parade. Patients who "never before would wear glasses" are thrilled at the trim beauty of Numont Ful-Vue in Loxit.★

★Loxit—the Bausch & Lomb screwless mounting.



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